

July 23. The second day.

Meditation 17.

Whilst in this world I stay, some hopes have I to wth
That I shall reign in Heaven eternallie :
But when my time is past, and I am gone,
There's no hope left for me to build upon.

Lord, grant me full assurance whilst that I
Am here, so willing I shall be to dye.

Meditation 18.

We are but babes of yesterday, and we
Are sons and daughters of Mortalitie.
From dust we came, to dust we must again,
And to the grave with speed we fly againe.

Lord, let the thoughts of death possess my heart
That so Thee and my Soul may never part.

Meditation 19.

How brutish, Oh how sensles are all those,
Who to the world do so themselves dispose,
As if there were no God to serve, no Death toth
That's coming to deprive them of their breath.
Lord, help me so to live, that I may beth
Never forgetful of my Death or Thee.

Meditation 20.

How loth, how backward are we all to leaveth
This transitory world ? Let Death bereaveth
of those Mundane things, yet if we stillth doth
slove to live and die to Christ, what illth canth onth
Can happen to us ? Lord, before I dieth
Let me a better Kingdom farteth espth yth am I

As the great God still addes unto my dayes,
It's but new matter for me him to prasse.

How

Meditation 21.

How often have I view'd the graves, and gone
Unto that place, and yet returned home.
Again unto my house : The time will bee
When I must go, but no returning see.

Lord, give me so much grace, that I may be
Ever-more mindful of Eternitie.

Meditation 22.

What mean those show'rs, those drops that from on high
Descend to call men to Eternity ?
Both Young and Old, no Sex is spar'd ; Oh wby ?
What is the cause of our Mortalitie ?
Lo here it is ; a blessed God we have
Offended, therefore we must to the grave.

Meditation 23.

Death strikes the Young man, and the Old man must
Yield to Death's stroke, and return to the dust :
Nor Strength, nor Beauty, Riches, Honours, lent
But for a while, cannot our death prevent.

Oh how should we then use these things below,
That must be left when we from hence do go.

Meditation 24.

Man's life it is but long here, and he
Is but a debtor to Mortalitie
Those fading Comforts that below we have
Or do enjoy, will leave us at the grave.

Lord, grant that when my Comforts all are gone
I may wish Thee have sweet Communion.

Third day is past, God mercy shewys to me,
Who am a Dust heap of Mortalitie.

21

July 25. The 4th. day.

27

Meditation 25.

Alas poor Death, where does thy great strength lyē? 'Tis true, I'm Mortal, yet I cannot dye. I tell thee, if I dye in Christ, it is The way thou shew'st me to eternal bliss. By death I live, if that I live in Christ, And then thou'll say the mark I have not mist.

Meditation 26.

Alas, what's *Sorrow*? 'tis our portion here; The Christian's portion, Trouble, Grief, and Fear; He is *The Man* of sorrows here below Of all the men on earth; yet let us know, Christ left his Grave-clothes, that we might when grief Draws tears, or blood, not want an Handkerchief.

Meditation 27.

Is Death so formidable? Can the Change Of one poor day change our fresh Countenances? Is there so much in Death, that we should be Like Children frighted at our destinie? Of Heaven give me assurance (Lord) and I Shall ne're believe Death looks so dreadfully.

Meditation 28.

Could I in greatness farre surmount the skie, Or yet in glory could the Sun out-vie; Could I be more than any man that lives, Great, Fair, Rich, Wise, all in Superlatives; Yet if I were still Mortal, there would be A debt still to be paid to death by me.

Lord, as thou givest me more hours to live,
So with it, Oh do thou thy grace me give.

B

How

July 26th. The 5th. day

Meditation 29.

How mutable is every thing that here
Below we do enjoy? with how much fear
And trouble are those gilded Vanities
Attended, that so captivate our eyes?

Oh, who would trust this World, or prize what's in it,
That gives, and takes, and changes in a minute?

Meditation 30.

Sure every soul in this world bath its day
Of grace, and if he will improve it, may.
The time will come, when it shall have an end,
Ev'n when we must unto the grave descend.

Lord, help me now to know the things that do
Belong unto my peace, and then pursue.

Meditation 31.

We have no License from our God to waste
One day, one hour, one moment, that do haste
So swiftly from us in our sinful pleasures,
But rather to lay up for lasting treasures.

Lord, spare me yet a little, that I may
Prepare for Death, and for the Judgment-day.

Meditation 32.

The damned now in Hell, that there do ly
In endless flames, that howl, and weep, and cry
For anguish great, this is their deepest Crime,
Heart-vexing trouble, *Ob Mispence of Time!*

Oh who would rush into those flames of Fire,
That of mispending time they may enquire?

*Lord, let thy Terrors every day cause me
To prepare for my end, and ready be.*

July 31. The third day.

13

Meditation 49.

In Heaven are eternal joyes ; and sure
In that place there are Remedies to cure
Our here Sin-sick'ned Souls : but Oh shall I
Be made a Patient of this Remedy ?

Lord, I believe a Heaven there is ; but this
The Question is, Shall I enjoy that bliss ?

Meditation 50.

In Hell are Tornaents, Torments without end ;
And them I must endute, if that no friend
I have of JESUS. O my Soul, must I
Go from PAIN here, to Pain eternally ?

I know there is a Hell : Lord, grant that I
May go from Earth to Heaven when I die.

Meditation 51.

My Soul tell me, Are there not many that
Do wish for Heaven, and yet miss the Gate ?
How many do (with Balaam) wish that they
May depart like a Saint at dying day ?

Lord, let me to be like them here desire,
Upon this earth, as when they do expire.

Meditation 52.

How many are there that may take their harps
And hang upon the willows ; mournful hearts
Would best become such as must go from hence,
And then in Hell have lasting residence.

O Lord, how little do I think on this,
That I may be one that may miss of Bliss ?

I am (I see) still Mercies Monument ;
For more, one day is still unto me left.

How

Meditation 53.

How often should we think of this, that we
Must ere long yield to Death's supremacy
The time ere long will come, when we shall be
No more; and shortly we no time shall see.

O that I might be then prepar'd for this
So great a Change, and be receiv'd to bliss.

Meditation 54.

The soas of men are prone to forget Death,
And put it farre away from them, till breath
Begins to tell them they must to the grave;
And then, Oh what would they give but to have
One year of respite? Help me, Lord, to know,
As I move here, so my time moves also.

Meditation 55.

Whilst we live here, we have the blessed voice
Of God by Ministers, the blessed noise
And sound of ~~Adams~~ Bells: the time will be
When we no more of this shall hear or see.

Help, Lord, that I may then improve the same
Unto the praise and glory of thy Name.

Meditation 56.

The time will be, when we shall be No more:
Where will the World be then? 'Twill be No more.
Where will our Comforts be? They'll be No more.
Where will our Friends be then? They'll be No more.
Lord, grant me then thy grace, lest that No more
Do seize upon me, and I be No more.

No more! O solemn sound! This night I ma
Be struck by Death, and never see the day.

Meditation 57.

How tremblingly do creatures here appear
Before an earthly Judge? what dreadful fear
Does seiz upon them at the Bar of him,
Who likewise must arraigned be for sin?

Lord, grant me here thy grace, and so may I
With joy at last behold thy Majesty.

Meditation 58.

The day of death's a coming; after that
A day of Judgment will discriminate,
And put a difference 'twixt the Saints and those
Who do Gods Wayes and Precepts here oppose.

Lord, let me be prepared for that day,
That so with joy (Lord) thee behold I may.

Meditation 59.

The hand of death strikes sure, there's nothing can
Obsturē, or hinder it; and every man,
Whether he will or no, must know that he
Shall into dust most surely turned be.
How should I prepare for this since 'tis
Sure and certain which I cannot miss.

Meditation 60.

is a surly Sergeant, no respect
to persons, does their tears reject;
will blind his eyes, away we must,
call, and return to the dust.
grant that I may death behold with joy,
o my soul let it bring no annoy.

minute gives my time a shorter time:
o prepare for Death is a sad crime.

Meditation 61.

There's nothing that I do, or act, but sayes
 That I am Mortal with an Emphasis.
 Each day speaks to me, and gives me to know,
 That I ere it be long away must go.

Let me an interest have in Christ, and I
 Shall over Death triumph with victory.

Meditation 62.

How is it that I am so careleſſ here,
 And never mind how I my Course do steer
 For an Eternal Port? and never think
 That at the last my leaky Ship will sink?

Lord, guard me from those Pirats that would catch
 My Soul, do thou (Lord) be their over-match.

Meditation 63.

Lord, what's the reason I'm so loth to hear
 Of the great day of Death? what means this fear,
 That at the thoughts of death o're-spreads me, and
 Prompts me to give a willing Countermand?

Jesus, 'tis to be fear'd I never stood
 As one that's interested in thy Blood.

Meditation 64.

What makes the Saints on earth desire to be
 Dissolved, and that blessed day to see?
 What makes them whiſt they're here below to
 Against this body of Corruption?

Lord, they know not when they from hence
 On them a glorious Kingdom thou'lt bestow.

Lord, if my Soul this night away thou take
 Let me by morning then in Heav'n awake.

F I N I S,



A POSTSCRIPT TO THE READER,

Tis not to shew the Author's Wit, but Grace,
That these few Poems are expos'd to view;
In which thou may'st behold YOUTH'S flow'ry face
Set toward SION, seeking things most true:
Contemning worldly Vain's, but prizing high
A place it's Mansions of Eternity.

Here was hours spent indeed! and yet not spent;
Time thus improv'd, is to Redeem the time.
For Youth, Death's company thus so frequent,
(As if a dweller in his shady Clime)
Does prove a thing so rare, so seldom known,
That scarce Old Age can call this act its own.

By hourly meditating on the Grave,
He came acquainted with that darksome Cell;
Knew that from going thither none cou'd save,
(We on the Brink of Machpelah do dwell)
Therefore prepar'd with sedulous desire
To take his Bed there, when he should expire.

I thought our Saviour with his Odours sweet
Bath to the Faithful it perfum'd ; yet there
They can't abide for aye : away must fleet
To Judgment, when the Great Judge shall appear.

This of be thought upon : This, this should be
Our standing thought, when all things else do flee.

If Hell be's not forgetful ; but with dread
And trembling thinks & speaks thereof : doth give
Warning to living ones, they should not plead
For Sin, which brings a Hell without reprieve :
Excites to Prayer, Repentance, and to stay
By Faith on Christ for Life which last for ay.

But his most sweetest Contemplation
Takes wing below, and up to Heaven doth soare :
There's matter for deep Meditation,
Where Pleasures do abide for evermore,
Which neither Eye e're saw, Ear heard, nor can
Enter into the Heart of any man.

Let the Example of this Pilot young,
So skill'd in Spiritual Sailing ; thee inform
To steer thy Course through Baca's Vale, along
To this fair Haven, (fear nor Winds nor Storm)
Till thou arrive with him, in whom did dwell
Some good thing toward the God of Israel.

M. J.